

Idea seemed for the first time to cross his mind. "I was not aware that you were acquainted with my old friend."

"O, yes,—he was my father's best friend. I have known him long. It was he that made me promise to attend you in your sickness, though I dreamed little then what was to have been the result."

"Yes, yes, Richard," said old Pottsdam, while a merry twinkle played in his gray eyes, "she loved me before she loved you, and if she has not told you about it, it is because I made her promise not to. But tell me, my boy, have you been thoroughly cured of your disease?"

"Most thoroughly."

"There's none of it left?"

"Not a shade."

"And you do not now hate all mankind?"

"Doctor, if you love me, don't mention that again, for it makes me feel how miserable I might have continued."

"And you would not sigh for the wealth you have lost?"

"See what treasures I have gained," uttered Richard, as he drew his wife to his bosom, and pointed to the cradle, where slept his darling boy.

"Then, my boy, you really love life, and find joy and happiness in living?"

"Yes, yes, my old friend, and every night and morning I thank God for it."

For several moments the old doctor remained silent, but there was a succession of strange emotions visible upon his countenance, and at length he placed his hand in his bosom, and taking therefrom a sealed packet, he handed it to his young friend.

"Dr. Pottsdam, what is this?" uttered Richard, as he gazed in astonishment upon the contents of the package.

"If you examine it, you will find it to be bank notes to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars."

"I do not comprehend this, sir."

"It is simply the money due you from the various insurance offices at which your buildings were insured, together with rents due, some cash which Fessendon had on hand, and the accumulation of interest."

"But my policies had expired."

"And did you think Fessendon such a fool as not to have them renewed? But here is another package."

As the old man spoke, he placed a second parcel in Richard's hands, remarking, as he did so:

"There are notes, bonds, deeds, mortgages and certificates, to the amount of half a million more. They are from your old banker."

"But my banker failed," murmured Richard, now utterly astounded.

"So he did, but Fessendon looked out for your affairs ere the blow fell," returned Dr. Pottsdam, and then taking the young man's hand in his own he continued:

"Come, Richard, I will now clear up this affair at once. That dreadful malady that affected you—dreadful in its very snake-like insidiousness—had taken such a hold upon you that no common measures could have removed it, and under its influence you might now have been in your grave. You knew nothing of your pecuniary affairs, and you cared less, and a less honest man than your agent might have robbed you of half a million of dollars, and you would not have known it. I found that all the means within my direct power had failed to restore your lost balance of mind and as a last expedient I resolved to send down here. I wrote to Forbush, minutely explaining your case, and giving him exact modes for your treatment. One great source of hope was in being able to bend your heart to some legitimate affection, and I knew of no one better calculated for this than this same little fairy that you now call your wife. She knew not the end I had in view, nor did she dream of nursing you more than a week at the furthest, but the same means that made you sick was able to keep you so. That little chicken you ate for your supper on the first night of your arrival, contained the seeds of your subsequent weakness, placed there by my instructions and the same weakening potion was continued to you for three weeks. At length Forbush discovered, not only that Mary was beginning to love her patient, but that you were also beginning to love your nurse, and the result was certainly very natural. As soon as this became apparent, your medicine was discontinued, and you were allowed to recover. You arose from your bed, little dreaming that every grain of medicine you had taken had been administered for the very purpose of making you sick, and in your ignorance you blessed God and the doctor that you had recovered. The kind heart and the sweet smiles of Mary, had done their work, for they had dragged your own heart up to something like joy; but yet I dared not trust you back amid your old scenes till you had learned something of real life, and as soon as I became convinced that you would make Mary your wife, the work was easy. I resolved to practise a wholesale deception upon you in order to throw you for a time back upon your

own resources, and your unpardonable ignorance of your own pecuniary affairs rendered this an easy matter, for your faithful agent at once joined me in the plot. Time fled on, and I saw that my plans had succeeded even better than I had hoped, for you were completely happy. Then, when God gave you this sweet child, and you had loved it as the object of your future care and tender regard, I knew that you was most perfectly cured. Richard, my course of treatment has been somewhat harsh, but I trust that the loving smile of your fond wife, and the sweet face of your innocent babe, will speak pardon for what I have done."

A moment Richard gazed into the face of his old friend, and, as a full comprehension of the affair rested in his mind, he sank upon his knees and grasped his preserver by the hand.

"Kindest, best of friends," he uttered, "I cannot speak my thanks in words. I see it all, I see it all, and may Heaven bless you for what you have done. My dear wife loves you now, and my child shall be taught to bless you."

"There," murmured the old man, as he put Mary's arms away from his neck, and raised Richard from his knees, "let us all thank God for what we enjoy, and at the same time remember the simple fact, that there are none more miserable than they who see nothing on earth worth living for and loving."

Long years have passed away, and Richard Bradley and his wife are grown old; but their lives have been made happy and peaceful, for they have spread ivy about them on all hands,—their children honor them for their bright example, and their neighbors love them for the good they have done.

THE BASHFUL MAN'S STORY.

IT may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, ogler boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whisk and demijohn. Shadows present—hoop-skirts, band-boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap, sugar teats, paragoric, hive syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, sena, salts, squills and doctor's bills.—Shadows future—more pound babies, more hive syrup, etc., etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught.

I was almost the darndest, most teacustard bashful fellow you ever did see, it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; it wasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind the fence looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heaps bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get into my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and soon put myself snug in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!" And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody rapped at the door and woke me up. "Rap," again, I laid low. "Rap, rap!" Then I heard a whispering and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. "Rap, rap!" Then Lib sings out—

"Jack, are you in there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I, "can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you in bed?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh.

By thunder, I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried; "Can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go with you—I won't—so you may clear out?"

And, throwing a boot against the door, I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal bution! I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!"

O, Lord, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have panicked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry. Smash! went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep—and

the way I fumbled around in the dark was death to straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door, and found myself right among the women.

"Oh! my Leghorn!" cries one—"My dear, darling wifer velvet!" cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that way, boxed my ears; and one bright eyed little piece—Sal—, her name was—put her arms right around my neck and kissed me right on my lips!—human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cesar to the 4th of July.

"Jack," says she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes," says I. "I will."

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new made cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hen-roost—the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs—the polly-wogs, in their native mud puddles, were preparing themselves for their shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stocks, and came laden with the delicious odor of hen-roosts and pig stys.

The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in a pig-pen, full in Sal's face, dyeing her an orange peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back; she was almost gone, and I was ditto. She looked like a grass-hopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a fish-bail.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heavens and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said "Yes!"

She gave clear out, then, and squatted in my lap; she corkscrewed and curflumxed and rolled in. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions she had ate two weeks before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we should walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks. The night, the company and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm and arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door when down I went, kerslap on the oil cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my casimeres, right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out; so, clapping my hand over it, we were spliced—and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My grooman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice; when, oh horror! a little six-year-old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended. Good-night.

What to Teach Your Boys.

TEACH them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good trade well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that "Honesty is the best policy"—that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precepts by examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them by your own example that smoking, in moderation, though the least of the vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment, he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain six days.

Teach them that "God helps those who help themselves."

Do all this, and you will have brought them up in "the way they should go."

HOW HE KNEW.

THERE was a Sunday school celebration within a hundred miles of Chicago, not long ago, and the minister made a speech to the children, in which he endeavored to teach the nature of faith. So he told them the following story by way of illustration:

In the deepening twilight of a summer's evening a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway a little boy, with hands extended upwards, holding a line.

"What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister.

"Flying my kite!" was the prompt reply.

"Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor; "I can see no kite—you can see none."

"I cannot see it, but I know it is there, for I feel it pull."

The children were all deeply interested, and the clergyman continued:

"Now in a few days after this the mother of the little boy was about to die, and she said to him:

"My son, when I am an angel I will come if I can and be with you and shield you from all harm, and watch to see that you grow up a good man. Will you try to think sometimes that I am by your side?"

And the little boy said he would.

"Now my dear children," said the minister, "when that blessed angel came back from heaven and hovered over the child, and placed her hand among the fair golden hair, how did he know she was there, for he could not see her?"

"Why he felt her pull, of course!" roared the class in unison, and with the promptness of absolute necessity.

The speaker sat down all of a sudden, and the exercises concluded with the singing of a hymn.

A Literary Curiosity.

The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the black board at a teachers' institute, and a prize of a Webster's Dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made:

"A sacrilegious son of Bellal, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race.—He accordingly purchased a callope and a coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacriligious, Bellal, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, callope, chameleon, suite, coadjutor, calligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular and debris.

Effects of Imagination.

When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—

An old woman of the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and, not long after, the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her and fetched her water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—Blackwood.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. — These deservedly celebrated and popular medicines have effected a revolution in the healing art, and proved the fallacy of several maxims which have for many years obstructed the progress of medical science. The false supposition that "Consumption is incurable" deterred physicians from attempting to find remedies for that disease, and patients afflicted with it reconciled themselves to death without making an effort to escape from a doom which they supposed to be unavoidable. It is now proved, however, that Consumption can be cured, and that it has been cured in a very great number of cases (some of them apparently desperate ones) by Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone; and in other cases by the same medicine in connection with Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the case.

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Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, day, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists. 1-4t

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Strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

VEGETINE

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VEGETINE

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For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and costiveness; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of Vegetine. She was so troubled with Dyspepsia and General Debility, and has been greatly benefited.

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FEEL MYSELF A NEW MAN.

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I have used only two bottles and already feel myself a new man. Respectfully,

DR. J. W. CARTER.

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Boston, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 1500 dozen (1500 bottles) of your VEGETINE since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves and their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of Scrophulous Tumors being cured by Vegetine alone in this vicinity.

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To H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

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